

"RED MINETTE."

[Ch. Baleson, Times-Democrat Translation.]
Of all the toys which little Suzanne had received upon her fourth birthday, there were two which had especial good luck in pleasing her—a cat and an elephant. The cat was red, with white whiskers and big green eyes. The elephant was mouse-gray—a very unusual color in elephants; he had great flat ears falling down over his forelegs, and a very big stiff trunk which Suzanne used always to lay hold of and pull when she wanted to make him approach her (everybody knows the peculiar sensitiveness of the trunk of elephants). As for his tail we shall say nothing about it; for no one is ignorant of the fact that this part of elephants is little developed, and besides, Suzanne, not thinking the little pendulum at all pretty, had judiciously suppressed it at the first opportunity.

It had been destined on principle that this beast of high degree should be borne from place to place upon a little wooden frame-work furnished with four wooden wheels. But by long dint of carrying crushing burdens over all sorts of roads and by-ways—of banging against the monumental rock-work of the garden paths, of incessantly ascending and descending the eight stone steps of the entrance, the delicate mechanism of the vehicle had finally given way; the wheels had first come off, then the splintered wooden platform had become disengaged from the feet of the animal; so that the elephant (perfectly trained and wholly obedient to the long string fastened to his trunk) thereafter followed Suzanne sometimes upon his right side, sometimes upon his left side, never hesitating even to turn a somersault, when necessary, over any obstacle that threatened to bar the way.

But the favors enjoyed by Red Minette were much greater; for the cat, being a strictly domestic animal, usually lives in much closer intimacy than the elephant with little girls. Red Minette never quitted Suzanne's arms; and Suzanne never ate a bit of candy, never drank a glass of sugar water, never nibbled a ripe melon, but that Minette did not also put her nose in it. But was this just the proper regimen for a cat? It is true that the general constitution of Minette did not seem to be severely shaken by this diet; but her once-white whiskers had taken extraordinary tints, shifting from dirty green to saffron-yellow through a whole scale of earthly shades which evidently bespoke some disorder in the internal functions.

"Thou wilt make the cat sick, my child," observed Suzanne's mamma—and, what is more, thou art teaching it very bad habits that way; after a little while it will steal everything in the house." And Suzon, Suzette, or Suzanne, as she was affectionately called by turns, thereupon quickly wiped Minette's nose on the sleeve of her little dress and promised to wear the animal from sweetmeats.

One evening Suzanne, the cat, and the elephant had a great teaparty in the garden, which lasted so long and so late that the little girl's mamma had to carry her into the house, fast asleep, with Red Minette in her arms. During the night it rained very hard; and next morning when Suzanne wanted to go out, her mamma showed her that the ground was all wet in the garden, and the walks all muddy. So Suzanne understood that she would have to stay under the veranda.

Red Minette was then, too, quite ready to play; but the elephant, where was the elephant?

When the whole house had been searched in vain, Suzanne finally remembered that she had certainly left the elephant at the foot of a bench in the furthest end of the garden—she had just put him there to punish him, because in passing over a flower-bed, he had crushed the mignonette.

"Here, chocha, quick—run for mamma! Suzanne's elephant!"

The chocha soon came back, carrying some shapeless thing in his arms. The rain had swelled, puffed up, distended the poor animal enormously, so that he had ended by bursting with dropsy. His stomach had opened; his softened trunk hung all limp at one side; and when the naughty little chocha actually let the elephant fall down flap, he struck the floor with a dull thud, squirting out twenty jets of water, which made a frightful stream of mingled red and gray upon the pavement of the varange. Poor little Suzanne tried vainly to keep back her tears; she burst out in a great cry at last, sobbing, "My elephant!—my poor elephant!" And as she cried she strained Red Minette very tightly to her little heart—Red Minette that was to be thereafter her only consolation.

Suzanne's mamma took her upon her knees, caressed her, and promised her another elephant, bigger than the first, and all white, too—although white elephants are quite rare. But all in vain; the poor little heart was too full. Then mamma had recourse to the supreme remedy for great misfortunes—she opened her armoire—opened the two broad doors wide—and gave the child leave to arrange it, that was to say leave to rummage it from top to bottom, even to rummage the Chinese box where she kept her jewels. So Suzanne and Red Minette covered themselves with jewelry. The little girl took for herself the great gold necklace, which fell down to her knees, the diamond clusters which she fastened as well as she could in two little blonde ringlets which curled behind her ears, the gold fillet decorated in nishio—two bracelets for each arm, two for each leg—and three rings on every finger. Red Minette's body was entirely wrapped in a long cable chain of gold; she had a watch and two medallions hung round her neck; and for tiara she wore a silver gilt cup upon her head. But even then, there remained a great heap of jewelry lying idle; and Suzanne, suddenly happening to think what a splendid harness she could have made for the elephant with all these things, commenced to sob even more than before.

Her mother found that the child was decidedly flushed, unnaturally warm, and as the weather was very damp, she put her to bed in the big bed, where she soon fell asleep with Red Minette by her side. When Suzanne awoke two hours later, she was very red; her little hands were dry and burning—Suzanne had the fever. When papa came in to breakfast, he sent at once for the doctor.

"Nothing serious," declared the doctor, "only a little nervous excitement. We shall calm it down."

That evening the nenene came to make the bed, in which Red Minette lay, wrapped up to the very tip of her nose in the big thick warm coverlet. The nenene, who did not see the cat, pulled at the quilt and threw Minette on the floor—the quilt caught the edge of the little round table on which the cup of tisane had been placed; and the table fell right upon Red Minette, and broke her back. Suzanne uttered an awful scream, "Red Minette—Red Minette too!" And the poor little girl had a terrible convulsion.

The doctor came back. This time he shook his head; he was not at all satisfied; the fever was very high; the child was delirious; "My elephant!" she cried, "my Red Minette!" And she pressed the poor mutilated toy to her breast. That night she was very, very sick, indeed; and in the morning the doctor did not find her any better. The fever was not broken and now Suzanne's mamma began to cry.

While the doctor was writing his prescription, Suzanne held out Red Minette to her father:

"See, papa—see how badly she is hurt!"

The doctor prescribed for the child a potion, the recipe whereof covered a whole sheet of paper; but he ordered nothing for the cat. And all that day the little girl did not improve a bit. Then Suzanne's father took the cat, and began to bandage its broken back with strips of white linen that mamma had prepared. Suzanne watched the operation. She remarked that they put medicine in the bandages, and that her mamma would change the bandages from time to time. Then she commenced to have a little hope, and she drank her own medicine courageously.

Papa took his hat, left the house and went straight to the very toy store in which he had bought Red Minette only fifteen days before.

"There was another cat just like that one, madame," he said to the storekeeper; "I must have it at any price!" The cat had been sold. But the clerk remembered the name of the lady who had bought it; and so papa went immediately to the lady's house.

As he walked on, he kept asking himself, with a great sinking at his heart, whether he would find the second Red Minette, which the lady had bought for her little boy, still in existence, still "alive." And when he had told the lady what anguish little Suzanne's mother was in, the lady went, all joyously, to her armoire, and took therefrom the other red cat, intact—bien vivant.

"I have not yet given it to our little Paul," she said to monsieur—"because his last horse still had three legs left."

Suzanne's papa kissed the lady's hand, and returned to the house, hiding something under his frock-coat.

Suzon was asleep, with her wounded Minette lying beside her. The father took Minette, and turned it over and over in all directions. He took good notice of the blow it had received in the corner of the left eye, the scratch upon its right paw, the extraordinary color of its whiskers. Then he looked himself into his study, and set to work.

When Suzanne woke up, Red Minette lay beside her, still well bandaged, but looking somehow or other much better, much gayer than before.

"Really I think the cat is doing better, my Suzon," said papa as he kissed the child; "see for yourself, little darling! it looks to me as if the cat's back was growing together again. Suppose we take off the bandages and see?"

"Gently, papa—gently!"

The bandages and wrappings were taken off—Red Minette was standing again firmly on her legs; and there was no mark even of a bruise on her back. "Only she smells so funny," said Suzanne, all radiant with delight.

"Ah ha! my child—that's the medicine."

Next day Suzanne was well. She's all right, at last," cried the doctor gleefully and somewhat boastfully.

Suzanne's papa only smiled—he did not propose to have himself prosecuted for practicing medicine without a license.

Beginnings of Business.
[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The streets are rapidly filling up with small tradesmen. Every individual who has a mercantile vein in him, and can command a light capital, sufficient to fit him out with a three-legged stool, a dry goods box and a basketful of speculatives, pocket mirrors, knives and other small articles, may set up store for himself on the curbstone or in the shadow of a doorway, and there lay the foundation of a fortune. Many of the millionaires began in this way.

Stories are told about the almost insignificant beginnings of men who now control the stock markets of the world, and, anent some of the wealthiest St. Louisians, there are old gossips who recall the days when folks who now live in the finest mansions were glad to have the shelter of an \$8-a-month frame cottage, and the head of the family peddled apples or gathered coals along the wharf.

If there is anything in the remark that history repeats itself, the hundreds of young men who now display their wares and invite custom on the streets will in the course of time be wealthy citizens, and own stores, whose doorways will be sought by new-comers in the same humble line they adorned themselves. There are now on the streets of this city several hundred tradesmen selling from stands and hand-carts. The preambulating merchants are mostly peddlers of bananas or other fruit, and sometimes they sell cheap candies.

The Resonant Susquehanna.
[Chicago Journal.]

In the course of a canoe voyage down the Susquehanna, during the past summer, Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly discovered at Athens, Pa., a wonderfully perfect "singing beach," where, whenever he moved the pebbles on the bottom of the river, "a rich resonance passed through him, clear and sweet as the soft note of distant cow-bells." On experimenting further, he found that, by resting his chin on a stone at the bottom of the river—no easy accomplishment, by the way—the water became full of music—"such melodious discord, such a mixture of near and remote echo-like sweetness, as can only be imagined in dreams."

A PICTURE OF HUMAN HEROISM.

sublime Fortitude and Courage of the De Longs—A Sad Parting.

["J. R. R." in New York World.]

Men who are happily married never ought to go to war or on perilous expeditions of exploration or discovery. There ought to be enough single men and men who have wives with whom they are not happy for all ordinary purposes in this way. What two more pathetic figures in our history than Mrs. Custer and Mrs. DeLong? Mrs. Greely narrowly escaped being another. It is a strange thing that a man who has a wife to whom he is attached will start off on a two or three years' trip to the Arctic regions, as did DeLong and Greely. Poor Mrs. DeLong! Was there ever a sadder task undertaken by woman than the narrative of her unfortunate husband's suffering and death that she prepared for publication? I shall never forget with what feelings I read the closing pages of her brave husband's diary.

DeLong had some serious faults. He was too rigid in discipline for the expedition over which he had command and did much to precipitate his own distressing fate, but over all there shone a sublime fortitude and courage that will always be one of the most admirable pictures of human heroism that the world has ever seen. He kept a record up to the very hour of his death amid the pathless snows of the Lena delta. I think he died on Oct. 30, 1881. He and his companions had left the crushed Jeannette on June 12, previous. They had been sailing about in open boats and wandering through strange, comfortless, uninhabited lands for over three months. Nearly everybody had died. DeLong saw his companions fall one by one.

As a last desperate effort he sent his two strongest men on ahead to see if they could find shelter and something to eat. He never saw their faces again. He kept Dr. Ambler and the Chinaman. He saw them die and he knew he must go next. Not a human soul in all that bleak world was left. Not a face to look upon, nor a voice to break the silence that reigns there forever and forever. Not even a bird to sing. In all that vast oppressive solitude he wrote his daily record with as firm a hand as if he had been at home composing an invitation to a friend to dinner. Not a tremor of either hand or heart. The manuscript was found by his side, just as he had dropped it from his stiffened fingers. He had written: "Oct. 30. Dr. Ambler is dying." That was all. He himself was the next victim.

In all those days of suffering he had not put down one word of complaint. He had not given way at one single moment to the emotions that must have crowded upon him when he realized his desperate condition. Every day's record, however brief, was written down with military precision, and when one reads over what he said on "Oct. 25," "Oct. 26," "Oct. 27," "Oct. 28," "Oct. 29," the entries grow shorter each day, until "Oct. 30" is reached, where are but four words—"Dr. Ambler is dying."—he is almost as deeply impressed as if he were standing over the sinking form of the brave-hearted explorer as he dropped his manuscript in the snow and met the inevitable without a shudder.

I have many a time imagined the feelings of poor Mrs. DeLong as she read over these last pages of her husband's diary. It was a terrible cruelty that she should have been first tortured with the long suspense, then hear the news of his death, then see months after his body brought home for its final interment, and then, after all, to read the touching record of all his fruitless endeavors to escape a terrible fate. I am here reminded of the story of Mrs. DeLong's parting from her husband on the 8th of July, 1879. The Jeannette lay in the harbor at San Francisco, steam was up and she was ready to sail away to the north. Mrs. DeLong went out in a steam launch. When she got aboard she and her husband went into the cabin alone. When she came out, a few moments later, there was a look of calm resignation on her face that those who saw her will never forget. The image of it must have gone with DeLong to his dying moment far off in the Lena delta, over two years later. As she stepped into the launch that was to bear her back to the city the Jeannette steamed away forever. She said "Let's go home," and then waved a last adieu to her brave husband, who stood leaning over the side of his ship. For the first time she burst into tears. There was a prophecy in her heart of what was to occur on October 30, 1881. Mrs. DeLong now lives on the scanty provision of \$30 a month granted her as a pension by the government.

The Best Way Yet.
[Chicago Times.]

The way to get to sleep is not by repeating verses, or staring at nothing but blank darkness, or counting, but by not thinking at all. For instance, as the mind takes up a train of thought it should be instantly recalled. It will, of course, directly settle upon something else; again recall it. In fact, do not meditate at all. There is nothing tiresome about this process: on the contrary it is rather amusing, and a person who first tries it will be surprised to find how soon he will begin to lose himself. As the mind puts out feelers, it is to be continually parted down, and in an exceedingly short time it will withdraw itself and like a tired child go to sleep.

Drawing the Campaign.
[Chicago Tribune.]

The Roman Campaign, that terror of tourists and breeder of malarial fever, is soon to be thoroughly drained. An association of about 1,000 navvies, which exists for the accomplishment of public works throughout Italy, has undertaken the task. A lady of Ravenna has made the men a present of quinine to the value of about \$300, so as to enable them to resist the malarial fever, for which the Campaign is notorious.

Lawyer or Soldier.
[New York Sun.]

With the exception of Mr. Greeley, no man has ever been nominated for or elected to the presidency by either of the two great parties who was not a lawyer or a successful soldier until the Republicans nominated Blaine.

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